

Wait For Her by ghibliterritory

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Summary:

They were Mike and El. That was that.

Wait For Her

Author's Note:

this is so soft i've had this idea for a while and
needed to get it out whoops

It was ridiculous for Mike to be scared at this point. Of monsters, of life, of anything really. He'd faced it all before, with Eleven right beside him the whole way. They had shared an apartment for three years now. They were adults, fresh out of college. They were fighters through and through, survivors of pure insanity that no one else could have handled. They were Mike and El. That was that.

But there was always something in the back of his head. A lingering worry that he would blink and she would be gone and he would be back in Hawkins holding his stupid radio and screaming into the woods for her. It kept him back, tightening around his neck and pinning him down. Mike tried to shake it away, be reasonable. It always stayed. It made itself known, it poked and prodded him constantly.

It was the thing that woke him up at some ungodly hour of morning, reaching out across their flimsy mattress and feeling empty space.

Mike's heart raced and in an instant, he was awake, sitting up fast and staring at the imprint she had left. Panic was the first thing in his mind. The question of where she was came second? Maybe the bathroom, he thought. He waited for any noise with his bottom lip between his teeth, sending little shots of pain through his face. Nothing. He fought off hyperventilating and carefully got out of bed, tensing up at his feet hit their cold floor. How long had she been gone? Had she said anything, and he hadn't heard? How far would she have gotten, where could she possibly go? Questions bounced

around his head as he left the room quickly, a cry for her rising in his throat-

He paused in the center of their hallway, seeing the kitchen light on. Part of him got more scared, and another part felt relieved. Slowly, Mike stepped further down, turning the corner and letting his eyes land on the kitchen. She sat there quietly, at their tiny dining table, staring into blank space. Her cheeks were pink, and she swore he saw a glint on them and a mist in her eyes. Mike held his breath, glad to know she was still there, but... worry still echoed in his head.

“Eleven?” He whispered softly. She jumped a bit in her chair, whipping her head around to face him. Something in her shoulders relaxed when she saw him. Nothing was said, but she lifted a hand to wipe at her cheeks and looked to her feet. Mike sighed a little and went over, grabbing a chair to sit next to her. They sat in silence for a while, not really looking at each other (even though Mike was watching her face for any signs). They were comfortable with silence. Eleven still wasn’t the biggest talker, and Mike could understand that. At some point, though, the fear started to gnaw at him again. “...Are you okay? Did something happen?”

More silence followed, Eleven biting her lip with a surprising sharpness that made her wince. Mike tensed, and tried not to freak out over it.

“Bad dreams.” She muttered, finally looking up. She met his eyes and tried to smile. “I don’t really... wanna talk about it. But, I’m okay.”

Mike didn’t believe that last part- he never did- but he didn’t push her. He nodded, and gently took her hand. She squeezed it tightly. “Okay. If I can help, though, or whenever you want to talk-” “I’ll let

you know.” El interrupted, slowly reaching up to brush away a stray hair in his face. He felt a rush of relief go through him. “Promise?”

She really smiled then. “Promise.”

He nodded, letting go of her hand and instead taking a soft hold of her warm cheeks, kissing her forehead. She wrapped her fingers around his palms and she could feel her shaking. Mike pulled back and brushed a stray tear away. “Do you want me to stay up with you? I’ll make you a drink, and we can just lay in bed until you want to go back to sleep.” He suggested. El nodded, and he pecked her lips quickly before getting up and making them a couple mugs of hot chocolate.

They ended up back in their bed, wrapped up in each other with Mike brushing out her long hair with his fingers. It was comfortable and quiet. He could feel her humming into his chest, familiar notes of David Bowie tickling him. It was sweet, and he thought about just how much he figured he’d do for her.

The fear subsided for a moment. They fell asleep to silence.